

Titan King 91

Chapter 91 Any enemy that invades our land must pay the price

Thrym finished recounting the events in detail, and with a wave of Orion's hand, he exited the tent.

"Prophet Onyx, what do you think?" Orion asked directly, knowing that Onyx was the most knowledgeable about the world beyond the Black Forest.

Onyx didn't respond immediately. He pondered for a long time before finally speaking.

"Chieftain, if Thrym is telling the truth, then it's likely that Lord of the Four Domains Gareth withdrew from the Myriad Races Invasion early."

Orion frowned, his expression puzzled.

"An Alpha-level warrior is considered top-tier in the Myriad Races Invasion. If Gareth withdrew early, and we lost our previous chieftain, the balance of power must have shifted significantly. He must have been defeated."

"In other words, the chieftain of the Poison Dragons, Slagor, has likely returned to his territory."

Orion quickly grasped the meaning behind Prophet Onyx's words.

"So, you're saying that the Swamp Rats were sent by Slagor?"

"Are they testing us?"

Prophet Onyx nodded, his expression growing more serious.

"I believe that with our previous chieftain dead in the south, Slagor has set his sights on the Black Forest."

"Even if the Swamp Rats aren't openly invading, they're certainly probing us."

"As for their exact purpose, I'm not sure yet."

Orion remained silent for a moment, then shifted his gaze to Delilah.

The Succubus Queen smiled seductively, brushing a lock of hair behind her ear as she spoke in her melodic voice.

"Chieftain Orion, the enemy's goals are likely one of four things: resources, hunting grounds, population, or slaves."

"Personally, I lean toward the last two."

Orion nodded, encouraging her to continue with a glance.

"As Prophet Onyx mentioned, if Gareth was defeated, he likely lost a significant number of warriors."

"Slagor, the chieftain of the Poison Dragon Swamp, must have also lost many of his bloodline warriors."

Delilah's eyes narrowed slightly, her demeanor shifting to one of deep thought and calculation.

"Slagor's target may very well be the Trolls and the Buffalofolk."

"But he probably didn't realize that the Buffalofolk had already relocated to Moonshadow Valley, so his plan fell short."

Delilah's analysis was spot on.

"Elder Rendall, what's your take?" Orion asked.

Rendall didn't delve into further analysis. Instead, his voice was low and raspy as he spoke.

"The Stoneheart Horde's honor cannot be insulted, and our territory cannot be violated. Any enemy that invades our land must pay the price!"

Orion's heart stirred at Rendall's words. He was reminded of his duty as the chieftain of the Stoneheart Horde. It was his responsibility to uphold the horde's honor and glory.

Only by doing so could he unite the horde and foster a sense of cohesion.

A chieftain who hesitated, who feared every threat, could never become a true lord.

Having thought it through, Orion glanced at Rendall, Delilah, and Onyx before speaking calmly.

"Here's what we'll do: Rendall and Delilah will stay behind to guard Blackstone Town. Ensure the town remains stable and that the construction of the walls continues on schedule."

"I will go with Prophet Onyx to the eastern border to assess the situation firsthand."

Orion's decision was final, leaving no room for argument.

"If those Swamp Rats have come, they won't be leaving."

"Elder Rendall, in addition to maintaining order in Blackstone Town, be on high alert."

"I'll leave Medusa Lysinthia and the Twilight Viper under your command."

With that, the council meeting came to an end.

The next day, Orion and Prophet Onyx led a team of bloodline warriors toward the eastern border.

A few days later, in the former succubus territory, Orion met up with Thundar, who had come to greet them.

"Chieftain!" Thundar called out.

Orion extended his hand, clasping Thundar's forearm in greeting.

"Tell me, what's the situation?"

"Have the Swamp Rats fled?"

Thundar stepped aside, leading Orion and Onyx toward the largest succubus palace.

"Chieftain, the Swamp Rats are still there. They've taken over the old Buffalofolk settlement and have been hunting in that area for the past few days."

"We didn't want to alert them, so we haven't revealed ourselves or sent anyone to infiltrate their camp."

"Should we...?"

Orion shook his head, stopping Thundar mid-sentence.

Thundar looked at him in surprise, confused by the decision.

Orion's voice was cold as he explained.

"Prepare for tonight. We'll wipe them all out. I don't want a single Swamp Rat escaping under my watch."

"The Stoneheart Horde's honor cannot be violated!"

"Our territory will not tolerate any foreign presence!"

"No invader will leave here alive!"

Thundar's eyes gleamed with excitement, his face lighting up with a savage grin as he nodded eagerly.

After Thundar left to make preparations, Orion turned to Prophet Onyx.

"Prophet, how much do you know about Slagor?"

Prophet Onyx thought for a moment before giving a detailed explanation.

"The Lord of the Four Domains, Gareth, oversees four major zones: Abyssal Chasm, Black Forest, Poison Dragon Swamp, and Desert Oasis."

"Gareth himself resides in the Abyssal Chasm, which is located to the north and northwest of the Black Forest."

Orion listened intently. This was the first time he had heard such detailed information about Gareth.

Seeing that Orion wasn't interrupting, Prophet Onyx continued.

"To the west is the Desert Oasis, a cold desert ruled by a group of black scorpions. I've never been there myself, so I don't know much more about it."

"To the east, bordering our territory, is the Poison Dragon Swamp."

"The Poison Dragon Swamp is home to the Poison Dragons."

"Despite their name, they aren't true dragons. They're nothing more than swamp lizards!"

Prophet Onyx's disdain for the Poison Dragons was evident. To him, the Poison Dragons were an insult to the very concept of dragons.

"Slagor, the chieftain of the Poison Dragons, is one of these swamp lizards."

"These lizards have an affinity for water and earth elements. In the swamp, their strength is greatly enhanced, sometimes even doubled."

When it came to combat, Prophet Onyx was confident at first, but then his expression darkened slightly.

"In the forests and on land, I'm confident I could hold my own against Slagor and not be defeated quickly."

"But in the swamp, I would be slowly worn down and killed."

This was both a warning and a gesture of goodwill from Prophet Onyx.

Orion nodded, but he didn't comment on the Poison Dragons or Slagor.

He fell into silence, remaining quiet until nightfall.

"Chieftain, everything is ready. Shall we proceed?" Thundar asked, standing before Orion and awaiting his orders.

"Leave the leader alive. Kill the rest."

"Go!"

This was a high ground deep within a dense forest. Orion and Prophet Onyx stood there, gazing into the distance at the carnage unfolding below.

Thanks to the guidance of the Buffalofolk, Thundar and his group had slipped into the Swamp Rats' settlement unnoticed.

In an instant, the settlement was ablaze, filled with the sounds of battle cries and the agonized screams of the dying. Those Swamp Rats who reacted quickly and tried to flee into the dark forest were shot down by the succubi lying in ambush, their arrows swift and deadly.

Under the cover of night, a bloody feast had begun.

In less than two hours, the battle was over.

Orion led the way, with Prophet Onyx following behind, as they slowly walked into what was once the Buffalofolk's settlement.

"Chieftain, not a single one escaped. This is their leader," said the giant elder Thundar, dragging along a humanoid creature that looked strikingly like a rat.

"Oh... a stranger in my land. Tell me, who are you, and why have you trespassed on my territory?" Orion's voice was calm, his gentle demeanor starkly contrasting with the other giants.

"Honorable chieftain, I am Paw. I had no intention of trespassing on your land," the rat-like creature stammered. "I only heard that this area had no master, so I brought my people here to settle."

Orion glanced at Paw, whose beady little eyes gleamed with a greenish light, shifty and full of deceit.

"Who told you that?" Orion asked. "If your answer pleases me, I might just spare your life."

Paw's small green eyes widened in surprise. "Are you serious?"

Orion smiled but said nothing, waiting for Paw to continue.

"My lord, I heard it from... from our chieftain, Myst. That's why we moved here."

Orion's expression remained calm, though his demeanor softened slightly. "Chieftain Myst? The one who resides in the Poison Dragon Swamp?"

Orion's tone and expression finally showed a hint of surprise.

"You've heard of our chieftain?" Paw asked, his eyes lighting up as if he'd found a lifeline.

"Yes... I've heard of him."

Paw's eyes sparkled, clinging to this glimmer of hope. "Then, my lord, could you spare me for Myst's sake? I swear, we will never set foot in your territory again!"

Orion nodded, looking at Paw. "Alright, I'll spare your life."

"But whether they will or not," Orion said, gesturing toward Thundar and Earthshaker, "I can't say."

Thundar grinned, and with a swift motion, he tore Paw's body in half with his bare hands.

Orion glanced around the area and then turned to Thundar. "Take stock of the supplies here and move them to Moonshadow Valley as soon as possible."

With that, Orion turned and walked deeper into the settlement, Prophet Onyx silently following behind.

Orion climbed a tower and gazed eastward.

"Prophet, what do you think?" he asked.

Prophet Onyx thought for a moment before replying, "These Swamp Rats were definitely sent by Myst. Myst can summon the swamp, which means he's a shaman. He stole the spoils of our former chieftain, so it's clear that the Poison Dragons, and their Chieftain Slagor, are backing him. I'm certain this was a test."

"Chieftain Orion, this won't be the last time they test us."

Prophet Onyx's voice was calm and confident, as if he didn't consider Slagor a threat at all.

A moment later, Thundar, having finished his tasks, climbed the tower and reported to Orion.

"Chieftain, the supplies have been sorted—meat, furs, crystal cores, and grain. Everything is packed and ready to be transported to Moonshadow Valley at dawn."

"Good," Orion replied with a nod. After a long silence, he turned to Thundar. "Thundar, make sure we have scouts posted along the borders. I want to know the moment anyone from the Poison Dragon Swamp enters our territory."

Thundar responded with a firm "As you wish" and descended the tower.

Orion once again gazed eastward, his eyes narrowing, his thoughts unreadable.

"Prophet," Orion said softly, "what do you think about us taking this opportunity to invade the Poison Dragon Swamp and kill Slagor, the leader of the Poison Dragons?"

Prophet Onyx blinked, thinking he had misheard. He looked up at Orion, his voice tinged with confusion. "Chieftain, what did you just say?"

Orion chuckled but didn't answer immediately. After a moment, he repeated himself.

"Prophet, what do you think about us taking this opportunity to invade the Poison Dragon Swamp and kill Slagor?"

"What the hell...?" Prophet Onyx's breathing quickened, his shock evident. "Chieftain, you can't be serious!"

"Chieftain, are you joking?" Prophet Onyx asked, his voice trembling slightly.

Orion's gaze turned icy, his voice suddenly cold and indifferent. "What's the matter? Are you afraid I'll be killed, or are you just scared of dying yourself?"

Though Orion hadn't unleashed the full pressure of an Alpha-level warrior, Prophet Onyx still felt the weight of his words.

"Chieftain, that's not what I meant. I would never shy away from battle for the sake of honor!" Prophet Onyx protested. "But chieftain, Lord Gareth has forbidden Alpha-level warriors from crossing territories to fight each other."

Orion's expression softened slightly at this, but he fell silent, deep in thought.

Meanwhile, in the Poison Dragon Swamp, within the Swamp Rats' territory.

Strangely, the Swamp Rats' settlement wasn't a series of underground burrows, but rather rows of neatly built wooden huts. These huts were constructed on solid ground in the middle of the swamp, an unusual sight.

Inside the chieftain's hut, Myst, the shaman leader of the Swamp Rats, sat with a furrowed brow.

"How long has it been since Paw and his men sent word back?" Myst asked.

A Swamp Rats warrior, responsible for gathering intelligence, stood up and replied loudly, "Chieftain, it's been nearly two weeks!"

Myst's brow furrowed even deeper, his already shifty eyes making him look even more sinister.

"No word... Could something have happened to them? Did the Buffalofolk return and start a fight?"

Myst's mind raced with possibilities, each one more troubling than the last.

"Chieftain, should we send someone to check on them?" one of the Swamp Rats elders suggested.

Myst considered this for a moment before turning to the elder. "Rune, you go personally."

"Be careful. Keep your eyes open and don't reveal yourself too easily. If you run into an enemy you can't handle, just mention Slagor's name. It might save your life."